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Millie, the Quadroon;

—OR,—

Out of Bondage.

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS,

—BY—

Lizzie May Elwyn,

Author of "Dot; The Miner's Daughter," etc.

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E 1888

MILLIE, THE QUADROON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FRED GROVER,	*A Doctor.*
CHARLIE HAYDEN, OLD NATHAN	*The Doctor's Cousin.*
OSCAR DAVILLE	*A Southern Planter.*
FORD	*A Sheriff.*
FREDDIE	*Millie's Son.*
SIAH	*A Slave.*
MILLIE GROVER, SISTER AGNES	*The Doctor's Wife.*
ISADORE	*Daville's Betrothed.*
PRISCILLA	*The Doctor's Old Maid Sister.*
HARRIET	*A Mulatto.*
GYP	*A Slave.*

—x—

PERIOD—BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR.

—x—

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—1½ HOURS.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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MILLIE, THE QUADROON;

——OR,——

OUT OF BONDAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—Sitting room at Cliff Villa, in the North. Miss Priscilla *and* Mrs. Mildred Grover *seated; table,* C.*; chairs,* R. *and* L.*; lounge,* L. C.*; easy chair with dressing-gown thrown over it,* R. C.*; slippers on foot stool.*

Mildred. Where can Fred be? Do you think anything has happened to him, Miss Grover? I am so worried and anxious that I cannot rest. Oh, if he does not come to-night, what shall I do?

Priscilla. You are making a perfect donkey of yourself. I'm sure he is well able to take care of himself. What sends him prowling around those nasty southern states is more than *I* can imagine.

Mil. He told me that he was going after some old medicinal works that he saw advertised for sale in Virginia. He should have been home three days ago. Oh, I'm so worried! (*going* L.) So fearful and anxious! (*aside*) She little knows why I am so anxious! Did she know the anguish that I endure, she would pity me!

(*throws herself on lounge and weeps*

Pris. Humph! Softer than boiled squash! You had better sit up and stop blubbering like a great baby. If there is anything a man despises, its a sniveling woman, and if Frederic, every time he is gone a little longer than usual, comes home to find you bellowing like a calf, he will soon get tired of you; that is one sure thing I can tell you.

Mil. Why, Miss Grover, how you talk! My Fred get tired of me? Why, he is one of the best husbands in the world.

Pris. Well, if he is a good husband, you have me to thank for it; but you will soon spoil him. Now the best thing you can do is to go to bed, and if he comes, let him ring and thump to get in. If you once let a man know that you care anything about him he will soon be sighing for new conquests; but as long as he isn't sure of you he will run his feet off to please you. When mother died she left Frederic in my care, and I have tried to bring him up in the way he should go. I taught him to wait upon *me.* I don't believe in a woman running after any man. I always kept him comfortable, but (*pointing to dressing-gown*) I never allowed anything like that.

(*footsteps heard*

Mil. Oh, he is coming! (*going* R.

Enter, FRED GROVER, R.

—Oh, Fred, I am so glad that you have come! I was fearful something had happened to you.

Fred. (*embracing her*) Why, sunshine, what did you think had happened to an able-bodied fellow like myself?

Mil. Oh, I imagined many things. I have waited at the station every afternoon this week, and to-night, when it grew dark, I was really alarmed. (*takes hat and gloves*

Fred. How d'ye do, Priscilla! (*shakes hands*) Seems nice to be home again after six weeks of that beastly southern climate.

Pris. Well, you didn't seem in much of a hurry to get here. If there is anybody I do despise its a man who never keeps his word. Here you are three days behind time! I do detest a person always behind!

Fred. Now, Priscilla, you know that you are just as glad to see me as I am to be here, but you think I deserve a scolding, (*aside*) and that I shall get it I have no doubt. (*aloud*) I did not get all of those old medical books which I went after, and it took three days longer than I expected to hunt them up.

Mil. Never mind now, dear! We are *so* glad that you have come at last. Here is your dressing-gown; let me take your coat.

Fred. No, no! Why, Millie, you would turn yourself into a servant, I do believe. I won't change my coat till after tea.

Mil. Tea is all ready. I hope you are very hungry, for I have cooked your favorite dish. Come, Miss Grover, put up your knitting and we will have tea immediately.

Fred. Wait a minute, little woman; I've brought a present for Priscilla and I should like to get it off my mind before tea. It might impair my digestion. Ha! ha!

Pris. A present for me! What is it? Frederic, I do wish that you would be more prudent and not waste your money on useless presents.

Fred. How do you know that this *is* useless? I think it will prove very handy. (*going* R., *calls*) Gyp! Gyp, come here!

Pris. A dog! If there is anything I do despise——

Enter, GYP, R.

—Good gracious! Sakes alive! Fred Grover, what do you mean?

Fred. Don't you like your present, Priscilla? Here, Gyp, this is your new mistress.

Gyp. New, is she? Oh, mine golly! He, he, he! How she gwine ter look when she gits old? Ho, ho, ho! *New!* (*dances about*

Pris. You impudent young imp! I've a great mind to box your ears soundly!

Gyp. Thump away, missus, dis yer ole skull good for hard knocks. Why, dey used ter poun' corn wid it in ole Virginy.

Pris. You wicked little story teller! What do you suppose will become of you for telling lies?

Gyp. Telling lies! *Me* tell lies? Goliy, miss, I nebber tole a lie in all my life; hope I may die if I did.

Fred. Well, Priscilla, how do you like my present?

Pris. *Present!* I would as soon touch a toad. If there is anybody I do despise, it's a—a—colored person, and you know it, Frederic Grover.

Fred. I am sorry that you are displeased, but what shall I do with her? You would not have me turn her out of doors, would you?

Pris. Of course not. I suppose, as you have her, you will have to keep her; though what you ever brought her here for, is more than I can imagine.

Fred. I will tell you. As I was passing through a slave plantation in Virginia, I saw an overseer lashing this child with more cruelty than I ever thought a man capable of using. Filled with pity I sought her master, and by paying a fair price, became owner of as mischievious a little imp as could be found.

Pris. I was never so horrified in all my life! To think that a brother of mine should go off down south trading human souls, for all the world like one of those southern brutes. I'm astonished—after the bringing up you had, too!

Mil. Oh, Miss Grover, I am so glad he did! Come here, child; (GYP *goes over to* MILLIE, *who puts arm about her*) What is your name?

Gyp. Gipsy, missus. Dey mos' allus call me Gyp, fo' short, yo' know.

Mil. Oh, tell me, Gyp, isn't it dreadful to be a slave?

Gyp. Well, yo' see, missus, I nebber was anyting else, so I dunno. I know de whip was dreffel. Golly, I feel de smart now.

Mil. If I was sold into bondage I should die. Oh, I could not endure it! (*pacing the floor*) How dreadful! Oh, how dreadful!

Fred. Why, Millie, how nervous you are. Don't excite yourself so over imaginary evils.

Pris. It's all your fault. She has been sitting up nights and carrying on just like that ever since you failed to make your appearance at the specified time. A fool she is for it, too!

Fred. Are you ill, Mildred?

Mil. No, I'm—I—I am nervous, I guess. We will go to tea now. Gyp, go down to the kitchen and tell bridget to give you some supper. Come, Fred. (*all but* GYP *exit*, L.

Gyp. Golly, ain't I happy? Dis is de beautiflerest place, wid nuffin ter do. (*sings and dances*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as in Act 1st. MILLIE *seated sewing. Enter*, FRED, R., *with letter.*

Fred. Ah! here you are, my dear, busy as usual. From whom do you think I have just received a letter?

Mil. I am sure I do not know. Some one from whom you are glad to hear, I should think, by your appearance.

Fred. It is indeed! It's from my cousin Charlie, who went to Australia the year that we were married; this is the first news I have had from him since.

Mil. Why, Fred, you have never spoken to me of him.

Fred. I know it; I'll tell you why. When his father died, Priscilla took him into our family and cared for him as though he had been her own brother; in fact, I think she loved him better than me, for he was younger, of an impulsive, affectionate disposition, and

fairly worshipped "auntie" as he called Priscilla. One day Charlie and I fell out, and after a few hot words, Charlie packed his trunk and started for Virginia, where his mother, who had married a wealthy planter, resided with her husband and little daughter. Charlie has long ago forgiven me, but he never will come back to his old home to stay. Whenever his name is mentioned, Priscilla launches a volley of pent up wrath on my defenseless head. She declares that I am to blame for all of his short-comings. Sometimes I fear that it is so. Anyhow I discreetly forbear mentioning his name in her presence.

Mil. But what is his full name, and why has he not written to you before?

Fred. Well, Charlie's mother married again soon after his father died and had one child, a daughter. She had no son, excepting Charlie; so when he went South his step-father adopted him and gave him his name, Hayden——

Mil. (*starting*) Charlie Hayden!

Fred. Yes; do you know him?

Mil. I—I have met him. (*sews busily*

Fred. I am glad of that; it will be pleasant to find an old acquaintance in his new cousin. You see, Charlie doesn't know that I am married and has written that he will soon make us a visit. (*looking at letter*) It is time for him now; this letter has been delayed.

Mil. (*putting hand to her side*) Ah!

Fred. What is the matter? (*going to her side*) Millie, are you ill?

Mil. Oh, it's nothing—nothing but a—a slight pain in my—my side.

Fred. It's that confounded sewing. Give it to me. (*tosses work on table*) There, now do give yourself a little rest. I'll get you some medicine for that pain; you have been troubled with it very much. (*feels pulse*) I'm afraid it is heart trouble.

Enter, PRISCILLA, L.

Pris. Mildred, what are you going to order for dinner? The butcher is waiting.

Mil. I will attend to it at once. (*exit*, L.

Pris. What in the world brings you home this time of day? I should think you would stay in the office even if you did not have a patient. To see you lounging about the house one would think you too lazy to work or so unskillful that nobody would employ you.

Fred. I came home to bring good news, Priscilla. Charlie has returned from Australia and is coming to make us a visit. Here is his letter. (*gives her letter*

Pris. (*takes letter and sits on lounge*) I should think he would write to me instead of to one who has caused his ruination.

PRISCILLA *reads;* FRED *takes medicine case from pocket and proceeds to make powders.*

Pris. Well, I never! If that good-for-nothing black-skinned sister of his isn't coming with him! I won't have that designing jade in the house.

Fred. Priscilla, you forget that I am master in my own house and my wife is mistress, not you. Miss Hayden is a refined lady, and, as my guest, must be treated with the respect due her.

Pris. Indeed!

Enter, MILLIE, *unperceived*, C.

—Perhaps if the *mistress* of this house knew how nearly you were caught in the net thrown by this *refined* lady, she might not be so ready to welcome her. It's my opinion she is coming to try her arts again. Any woman who would run after an unmarried man, as she did after you, wouldn't hesitate to follow up any advantage she might gain over a *married* one. At any rate, I shall keep my eye on both of you. (*exit*, L.

Fred. Provoking woman! Though in some things, she may be right. I guess Isadore Hayden would be Mrs. Fred Grover now, if Priscilla hadn't given that confounded eye of hers so much liberty. Priscilla must have been mistaken about that young Englishman, though, for she is still single. I was a jealous fool—I believe Isadore did like me, and—bah! it's too late to cry for spilled milk! (*sees* MILLIE) You here! How pale you are! My dear Millie, I fear that you *are* ill. I have fixed you some powders and you must take one as soon as you can. If it was not for the expected visitors, I would take you to the sea-shore; I think it would improve your health. They won't be likely to stay long and as soon as they depart, away we will go. I must be off to the office now, so good bye, and don't forget the medicine.

Mil. Good bye. (*exit* FRED, *throwing kiss*) What is about to happen? Oh, I shall go mad, mad! My husband, whom I have trusted as the soul of honor, confesses his love for another. Isadore Hayden coming here; coming to win him whose love I have forfeited so much to gain! Oh, it is more than I can bear! Did he know the disgrace that I have brought upon his children, he would curse me; but he must never know. I could not bear his reproaches. How I fear that woman. Should she suspect my secret she would publish it to the world. And Charlie—dear, dear Charlie, how can I meet him? But I can trust him, the truest friend I ever had, though I treated him so cruelly. Yet, was I to blame? No! my love for him was but a sister's love, while my whole heart was given to my husband. And now—oh, Frederic! Frederic! (*sinks on lounge, weeping*

Enter, PRISCILLA, L., *with water, glass and spoon.*

Pris. Poor child! to think that vixen should come here with her airs, for you to wait upon. It's enough to provoke a saint! (*mixing powder in glass and stirring vigorously*) Here, child, take this; I only hope that Frederic won't cause you more pain than his medicine will cure.

Mil. Why, Miss Grover, what do you mean?

Pris. Oh, nothing—Frederic wanted me to see that you took this; so drink it and then you had better go to bed.

Mil. I will take the medicine since you have so kindly prepared it, but I do not need it. (*drinks*

Pris. I should think you needed something by the way you look, though I never did believe in doctor's stuff. When I am sick I always take a bowl of saffron tea as hot as I can drink it, and go to bed. I advise you to do the same. Most any slop will do, if it is only *hot*. (*exit*, L.

Mil. Ah, nothing but some deadly drug that takes life itself will remove this pain. Oh, that I could die! but no—I must not leave my children; that woman *shall not* triumph. As the tigress fights for her young, so will I fight for mine. I will keep my secret though it kills me. (*exit*, R.

Enter, GYP, R.

Gyp. Ebrybody gone? Well, I'se glad ob dat fo' jes as suah as ole missus knows I'se got dat chile ter sleep, den I'se got ter tote dat great lubber ob a boy out ob her way. Cracky! I jes about die laffin ter see dat young picaninny wid bof fists in de pie. (*sees powders*) What's dat? I spect its sumfin' dat fizzes an' biles when dey puts it in water; I'll fix some. (*mixes with water*) Phoo! dat don't fizz wors a cent. I'se seen 'em fix it down ter de candy store; I like ter know what makes it bile; mus' be saleratus! I'll hab some.

(*exit*, L.

Enter, SIAH, R.

Siah. Well, heah I is, an' I 'clar I'se glad nuff ter stop. I'se mos' starved ter def an' dry as er whale. (*sees glass*) Hallo, what's dat? Sumfin ter drink; (*drinks*) O-oh! I'se pizened! murder! (*jumps about*) Help! oh, dat am de debble's own trap, suah fo' sartin!

(*runs out*, R.

Enter, GYP, L.

Gyp. Well, I'se got dat saleratus at las'. Now I jes hab some ob de stuff dat de white folks smack der mouf at. (*surprised*) Laws a massy! Dat mus' hab biled while I'se gone. (*looks* R.) Golly, dar comes Massa Frederic wid lots ob company! I'll clear out ob dis.

(*exit*, L.

Enter, R., FRED, CHARLIE, ISADORE *and* OSCAR DAVILLE.

Fred. Welcome home, my dear cousin; Miss Hayden, I am glad to again welcome you to my home. Be seated, please.

(*placing chairs*

Isa. Thanks. (*sitting*) I can assure you that I am more than glad to again visit your beautiful northern home.

Fred. Mr. Daville, pray be seated; any friend of Charlie's is heartily welcome here. My wife is not feeling well to-day, and is resting in her room; she will be here presently. (*rings*

Enter, GYP, L.

—Show this lady to the room prepared for her, and then call your mistress.

Gyp. Yes, massa; missus dun fix de front chamber fo' um company, but Miss Silla say de blue room am mos' 'comin' ter Miss Hayden's 'plexion.

Isa. (*aside*) Spiteful wretch!

Fred. Conduct the lady to the room prepared by your mistress, my wife.

Gyp. Yes, sah! (*exit* ISADORE *and* GYP, R.

Enter, PRISCILLA, L.

Charlie. (*catching* PRISCILLA *in his arms, kisses her*) Auntie! My dear, loving auntie, how I have longed for a sight of this dear face.

Pris. (*freeing herself*) For the land's sake, Charlie Hayden, I never was so scandalized in my life!

Charlie. Why, Priscilla, aren't you glad to see me?

Pris. Of course I am; but to think of my being kissed by a man; a great, grown man with whiskers, too! I declare, it is shockingly improper.

Charlie. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Grover, let me present my friend, Mr. Daville. Oscar, this is my cousin, aunt and mother, all in one.

(DAVILLE *bows very low;* PRISCILLA *bows stiffly*

Daville. I am very happy to meet Miss Grover, of whom I have many times heard the highest praises.

Pris. Humph! So, Charlie, you didn't bring your sister with you. Well, I can't say that I am sorry.

Charlie. Oh, yes; she has gone to her room to remove her wraps.

Pris. Humph! I hoped——

Fred. (*giving* PRISCILLA *a warning look*) Gentlemen, perhaps you would like to go to your rooms?

Daville. I should like to rid myself of this dust; I am hardly fit for the society of ladies. (*rising and bowing to* PRISCILLA

Charlie. Brush and wash to your heart's content, old fellow, but don't bother me. I'm comfortable, and guess I'm not so dirty but that the ladies can tolerate me. Eh, auntie?

Pris. You will do if you behave yourself, though I would strongly advise you to wash your face at the first opportunity.

Fred. This way, Mr. Daville. (*they exit,* R.

Pris. Who is that creature?

Charlie. Do you mean Daville? I see that you have taken a dislike to him; that is my prospective brother-in-law.

Pris. Isadore Hayden's betrothed?

Charlie. Yes.

Pris. I don't believe it; they are too much alike; joined, they would out-rival satan himself. At any rate I hope she will be contented with him, and not go to setting her traps again for Frederic.

Charlie. You wrong Isadore. I'm sure she is, at least, an *honorable* woman. By the way, what kind of a woman is Fred's wife?

Pris. One of the best. I must confess that I was most agreeably surprised in her. Fred married her down south, you know.

Charlie. No, I did not know it. Is she a Southern lady?

Pris. No; she was educated here, and was traveling South for her health, when Frederic married her. The first I knew about it was a letter from him ordering me to make ready for his bride. You may judge that I was not over-pleased, as I supposed her to be a Southerner, and I took Isadore Hayden for a sample of southern women.

Enter, MILLIE *and* FRED, R.

Fred. Charlie, permit me——

Charlie. Great heavens! Millie Woodford!

Fred. Not Millie Woodford now, Charlie, this is my wife, Mrs. Grover. Millie was telling me that you had met before.

Mil. (*extending her hand*) Mr. Hayden, I—I am glad to renew the acquaintance, and welcome you to your childhood's home.

Charlie. I—ah—thanks, Mrs. Grover. (*takes her hand*

Fred. Now don't go to being formal; just pick up your acquaintance where you dropped it, and don't wait to get acquainted all over again. I want you to be the best of friends.

Pris. If you have any of your precious time to spare, I wish you would go into the parlor and attend to that patient in there. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he had the small-pox.

Enter, ISADORE, R., *in time to hear the last remark.*

Isa. (*shrieks*) Oh, is it true? I shall go home immediately.

Fred. Of course it isn't so; that is some of Priscilla's absurd croaking. My patients are always afflicted with contagion, in her estimation. Miss Hayden, this is my wife, Mrs. Grover. I believe you have met before.

ISADORE *steps forward, puts arms about* MILLIE, *and kisses her;* MILLIE *half turns away, then offers her hand.*

Isa. Why, Fred! Why didn't you tell me that you had married my old schoolmate?

Pris. You may talk all you like about my croaking, Frederic Grover, but I want you to get that man out of this house immediately—there is contagion in every breath he breathes.

Isa. Oh! I will go to my room at once. (*exit* R.

Pris. Good riddance too! I almost wish he had the plague, if it would rid the house of her. (*exit,* L.

Fred. How aggravating Priscilla is when she takes a dislike to anyone. I suppose I must go and prescribe for that troublesome patient. I was hoping that, having closed the office, I should not be bothered with them to-day. Please excuse me for a few minutes.

Charlie. Certainly. (*exit,* FRED, L.) Millie, shall we renew our friendship? Beginning where we dropped it eight years ago? If I recollect rightly it was with vows of eternal constancy; this is the way you have kept *your* vows—bah! Is this a sample of woman's constancy and truth which the poets prate about?

Mil. Do not condemn me unheard; hear my explanation before you judge me so harshly.

Charlie. What *can* you say in defense of your conduct? Did I not go to prepare a home for you, my promised wife? Did you not promise to wait one year, till I became of age and received my property? After an absence of one year, during which time I had fitted a home for you, I returned to find you married and gone, nobody knew where. Oh, false, cruel woman, may you never know one half the misery that I suffered, as half maddened, I fled to Australia.

(*sits on sofa and drops his face in his hands*

Mil. Charlie, I was not false to you. I was cruelly deceived. You know that your step-father was opposed to our union, disinheriting you in consequence——

Charlie. (*looking up*) But I did not care for that; I had enough of my own; besides, my mother loved you as her own daughter.

Mil. Yes, and I loved her, too. Oh, Charlie, it pained me more than you can know, leaving my friends to think of me what they must. Soon after you went away, I gave up my situation as governess at Mr. Daville's, and returned home. At first I did not mention our engagement to mother. One day there came to the cottage an old mulatto woman, who asked for food. I asked her into the kitchen, where mother was preparing dinner, and never shall I forget the look that passed over my mother's face. She grew white as death and sank trembling into a chair. (DAVILLE *appears* R. C.) I ran to her side, but she motioned for me to leave the room. I did so, greatly wondering at her agitation; but, Charlie, I know now. Can I trust you?

Charlie. (*rising, takes her hands*) Millie, you may trust me with your very life.

Mil. That woman was my mother.

Charlie. Great heavens! Are you mad? How can that be? Was not Mrs. Woodford your mother?

Mil. No; after the woman's departure, mother--for so I shall always call her—asked me about you. I then told her about our engagement, at which she wept, and said it must never be. I refused to give you up without good cause, and, after pleading with me a long time, she told me that the mulatto woman came from Mr. Hayden's plantation; that Mr. Hayden would never consent to our union, and if we dared marry against his will, a shameful secret would be revealed. She fell on her knees and begged me to give you up, but even then I would not promise. Leaving mother, I went into the garden, where I meet Oscar Daville. It was not a pleasant meeting, for I left his father's house on his account. I soon became aware that he had overheard the most of the conversation between mother and myself, and, wretch that he was, he finished the tale to suit himself. He said that I was an illegitimate child; that your father and mine was one and the same.

Charlie. The base scoundrel! Why didn't you ask Mrs. Woodford about the story?

Mil. I did. Mrs. Woodford did not deny it; she again asked me to give you up, and, thinking she sought to shield her own fame, I gave the required promise.

Charlie. Oh, Millie, why did you not tell me all? This might have been set right, and you would now be my own happy wife. Oh, Millie, Millie! How can I give you up?

Mil. Forgive me, Charlie, if I pain you, but I would not have it different. I love Fred with a deeper love than that which I gave to you. No wife ever loved her husband better. I have told you this, only that you might not regard me as a base, deceitful woman.

Charlie. I will try and bear it bravely, for Fred is a good fellow, much better than I, and deserves your love. But tell me, how did you find out about that woman? Are you *sure* she is your mother?

Mil. Yes; Mrs. Woodford told me on her death-bed. I have not had a moment's peace since. Oh, Charlie, this terrible secret is eating out my heart! Sometimes I fear that I shall go mad.

Charlie. Dear Mildred, do not talk like that! Does Fred know this?

Mil. (*starting up*) Merciful heavens! No! What would you do? Oh, Charlie, you will keep my secret!

Charlie. Yes, I will. Fred is a hard fellow where his pride is concerned, and goodness knows what he might do if he should discover it. But how came Mrs. Woodford to permit you to marry Fred without telling you of this?

Mil. She did not know that we had such intentions. I was traveling in the South, and Fred married me there.

Charlie. Have you heard from the mulatto woman?

Mil. Yes; hearing that she was needy, I sent her money, and have continued to do so. She has never come here, though at any moment she may, and tell all. It was with such threats that she induced mother to part us, though if, as she says, I am her child, I cannot imagine why she wishes to disgrace me.

Charlie. Bah! It is all a trumped up story. I don't believe a word of it. *You* with black blood in your veins! more likely she stole you from somebody out of spite. Who was she?

Mil. Her name was Harriet, and she belonged to Mr. Daville.

Charlie. Then I fear it is true——

Enter, GYP, L.

Gyp. 'Scuse me, sah, but Miss Silla says will you come into de garden?

Charlie. Why, certainly—will you come, Mrs. Grover?

Mil. Thank you, but I must attend to my guests. Miss Grover quite likely wishes to show you the fruit and flowers.

Charlie. I shall be pleased to see the garden. We will resume our conversation some other time. Lead the way, little girl!

(*exit*, CHARLIE *and* GYP, L.

Enter, DAVILLE, R.

Daville. My dear Millie!

Mil. You here! How dare you enter my house?

Daville. How *dare* I? I would dare *everything* for you. Did you think you could hide from me? I would have followed you to the end of the earth, Millie Woodford—to hell itself!

Mil. You are a bad man, Oscar Daville, and I do not care to talk with you. I shall inform my husband that you are no fit inmate of his house. (*going* L.

Daville. Wait, Mildred, hear what I have to say. I know your secret—the *whole* secret! How will it sound to your proud and haughty husband?

Mil. Great heaven! You would not be so cruel! Oh, be merciful! I pray you, do not tell my husband this!

Daville. That depends upon yourself.

Enter, GYP, L.

Gyp. Miss Silla says you mus' come immejiate an' take Massa Freddie out'n her way.

Mil. I will come directly——

Pris. (*outside*) Mildred Grover, where are you? Mildred! Mildred, I say!

Mil. I am coming! (*to* DAVILLE) Keep my secret.

(*exit* L., MILLY *and* GYP

Daville. Ah, ha! So I've found out your secret at last, my pretty quadroon; and the best of it is that you are *my* property. If I can only get her into the slave states, she is mine. Ha, ha! my little beauty, when you so scornfully refused the offer of my heart and hand, I swore to be revenged, and that oath I intend to keep.

Enter, ISADORE, R

Isa. Oscar, has that horrid man gone?

Daville. To whom do you refer, my love?

Isa. Don't make any spoony remarks to me. It is unnecessary—you know well enough that I mean Dr. Grover's patient.

Daville. I have seen no man, excepting the doctor himself; but I have seen our pretty hostess, have you?

Isa. Have I seen her? I have, but this is not the *first* time. Oscar Daville, I have not come here without a *purpose*.

Daville. So you knew who our hostess was to be; but I'll wager Mr. Charlie did not.

Isa. *I* knew; and as I said before, I did not come here without a purpose. I also had reasons for bringing *you* with me.

Daville. Yes; couldn't be separated from your beloved, you know. Ha, ha!

Isa. Oscar Daville, I don't care to hear any more of that. I care no more for you, than you do for me, and you know it. Had you not been needful for my purpose, I should have much preferred your room to your company.

Daville. Cool, upon my word! Very pleasant for your future husband to hear!

Isa. You know well enough that our engagement was but a business affair, managed by our father's. We simply acquiesced, in order to pacify the old gentlemen. You were over head and ears in love with Millie Woodford, your sister's governess—you need not scowl at me—I know it, and I have brought you here that you may gain the affection of your adored.

Daville. You don't seem to reckon on her being another man's wife. Perhaps you know her history, and think the law won't hold her, though I tell you, Fred Grover will stick to her through thick and thin.

Isa. What do you mean by her history? Do you know more than is generally known?

Daville. Do you know that she is old Harriet's daughter? (ISADORE *starts*) I heard her telling Charlie about it to-day. It seems that Grover doesn't know it, and she is in mortal terror lest he should find it out.

Isa. The very thing! I had not thought of it before. I have a plan; you follow my directions and you will succeed in recovering your property, for if she is old Harriet's child, she must be your slave. I will go to my room now, I want to think this over.

(*exit*, R.

Daville. All right, my haughty lady, you plot, and so it brings down the game, I'll follow your directions; but I shall not give up my claim on you and the snug fortune that falls to your share. Oh, no! I well know that you are aiming at the young doctor, and you think once rid of the little quadroon, you are sure of him; but I'll see to that, my lady; I'll see to *that!* (*exit*, R.

Enter, SIAH, L.

Siah. Now I jes' like ter know what Massa Oscar up to. He an' dat ar' gal up to no good, dats suah. Dey don't do much *good* anyhow, I spec. Dat gal got what my ole mudder used ter call de ebil eye, an' when she done sot dat eye on folkses dey mos' allus come ter trubble. By golly! I jes keep out ob her way.

Enter, GYP, R.

Gyp. Fo' de laws a massy! Siah, whar you comed from?

(*seizes his hand*

Siah. Well, my golly! ain't I glad ter see dis chile! (*dances wildly about, taking* GYP *with him*) I'se comed wid Massa Oscar. Ole Massa am dead, an' young massa jes gobbled up de whole lot, an' tooked me to wait on he; golly, I'd nebber 'spec ter see you heah.

Gyp. I'se mighty glad ter see yer, fo' suah, Siah; but I'se a heap rudder yer b'longed to anybody sides dat ar' young debble. He no good, he ain't. Say, Siah, ain't you hungry?

Siah. I is, dat's a fac'. I'se holler from de top ob my head, to de soles ob my shoes. I ain't eat a fing since de las' time.

Gyp. Well, you stay heah, an' I'll fin' sumfin' fo' yer. (*exit*, L.

Siah. Well, I 'clar; I'se foun' a frien' in dis cold country.

Dances about and nearly overturns GYP, *who enters with a sheet of gingerbread.*

—I'se so happy I could hug somebody, an' it might jes as well be you. (*attempts to embrace* GYP

Gyp. Git out ob de way, Siah! Ain't you 'shamed ob yersef? Miss Silla dun say it be *sandybillious*. Heah, yer jes eat dis 'fore de old missus come an' cotch yer.

Siah. You'se a bressin', you is. (*eats*) How yer like libin' 'mongst de Yankees?

Gyp. Fus' rate; pears dull heah sometimes. Say, Siah, does dey hab any dances like dey did 'fore ole massa died?

Siah. Golly, no! nuffin but work on de ole plantation now. I'se jes 'bout dyin' fo' a breakdown. Le's hab a dance?

Gyp. (*looks out*) Yer jes go ahead, Siah, dar ain't nobody comin'. (SIAH *deposits gingerbread on chair, and they proceed to dance;* GYP *listening*) I b'lebe dey is comin'! (*looks* L.) Ole miss am comin'; come 'long, Siah! (*runs* R.) Oh, my golly! dey is all comin' dat way! (*catches up gingerbread*) Eat dis, quick!

(*crams gingerbread into his mouth; he chokes; she thumps his back*

Enter, L. *and* R., PRISCILLA, FRED, CHARLIE *and* ISADORE.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE 1st.—*Woods, rocks, etc.;* OSCAR DAVILLE *and* ISADORE, R.

Daville. Well, Isadore, I must say that you are a skillful plotter. I'll be hanged if you have not managed this affair with a skill worthy of a better cause. You have roused all the fury of the little quadroon, and she is as jealous as all possessed, but does not dare say a word lest I should expose her secret to the doctor; there is Charlie, ready to tear me limb from limb, but held in check by Millie, who, fearing *me*, keeps *him* quiet; and through it all, not a thing can be tracked home to you; you have managed to throw it all on my shoulders. Ha, ha! very clever of you, to be sure.

Isa. Thrown it all on your shoulders, indeed! If you are not wise enough to cover your tracks, it is not *my* fault. I *expect* you will undo all of my work with your stupid blundering. You should have stayed and watched her to-night. She has borne about all that she can, and the next thing will be flight. If you do not watch she will be gone before you know it. Once alone and unprotected, you could take her away to the slave states, where, as the daughter of old Harriet, you will be entitled to her, soul and body.

Daville. She will not get away, never fear. I will go back now, and keep a watch on her. Are you not going?

Isa. With you? No; do you not know that we must not be seen together?

Daville. Why? I should like to know what is more natural than an engaged pair taking a stroll together?

Isa. I do not choose to be seen with you, and that is enough. Now leave me.

Daville. (*going*, L.) Your word is law, my fair Isadore. Ta, ta! (*aside*) I understand you, and I'll watch your little game, my lady.

(*exit*, L.

Isa. I was afraid that I could not get rid of him, and it is time for Frederic to pass this way. I will sit here, and await his coming.

(*takes magazine from pocket, and proceeds to seat herself*

Enter, HARRIET, R.

Harriet. Isadore!

Isa. (*starting up*) You here! Wretch, why have you followed me to this place?

Harriet. I came to warn you—to command you—to let rest in peace, one who has never harmed you; one whose whole life has been made miserable in order that you might be reared in ease and luxury.

Isa. What nonsense is this, you demented old witch? Begone! away with you, and let me alone!

Harriet. You know very well what I mean, and I warn you to give up this vile scheme which you are working against Mrs. Grover. Go back to your home and leave her in peace, else I will reveal all, though it cause you to fall into the pit which you are digging for her.

Isa. Wretch, you would not dare! (*springing towards* HARRIET

Harriet. Back! Do not touch me! I have stained my soul with crime, borne blows and abuse; aye, risked my *life* for *you*, and what have you given me in return? My blood runs in your veins, yet have you given me one word of affection? No! you gave me freedom, but it was to rid yourself of my presence. When I asked for sympathy, you flung me money, with a curse. When I came to you faint and hungry, you gave me poisoned wine; (ISADORE *starts*) you need not flinch; I know you now, and shall ask no more *favors*, but I shall expect to be obeyed. I will not stand by and let you persecute Millie Grover. Every month she sends me a sum of money, and last week when I was ill, she came and ministered to me with her own fair hands. *You* knew that I was suffering, and never offered to help me. Had *she* been my child instead of *you*, I could love her, and would not betray her to save the whole world. I have warned you! Beware! (*walks back toward the cliff*

Isa. Must I lose all? No; I will not give him up! Courage! (*creeps after* HARRIET, *makes a sudden spring forward, and pushes her over the cliff*) Ah! that was a bad job; but you won't trouble me any more, my dear mother, you knew too much! Ough! I'm all a tremble; I've no more courage than a mouse. Hark! Some one is coming. I must not be found here. (*goes down front*

Enter, FRED, L.

Fred. Ah, Isadore, you here? This is pleasant. I trust I shall have your company on my way home. You seem agitated. What has happened?

Isa. Oh, dear! I think you had better walk on alone. If any one should observe us they might make ill-natured remarks, and your wife is so very jealous, too! She knows that I love—that you—oh, dear! oh, dear! what have I said! Go away! Leave me!

(*sinks into a seat and pretends to weep*

Fred. (*kneeling beside her*) Isadore, what is the trouble? You may confide in me as you would in your own brother.

Isa. (*aside*) *Bro'her!* I hate the word! (*aloud*) You must despise me after what I admitted; but I will go away, and you will try to forget it, won't you?

(*putting her hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face*

Fred. Despise you! No, indeed, Isadore; far from it.

Enter, MILLIE *and* CHARLIE, L.

—You have always been very dear to me. We all make mistakes sometimes. Come, let us walk along towards home; tea will be waiting. (*exit*, R., *with locked arms*

Mil. Oh, Charlie, why don't I die? How can I live after witnessing such a scene! Oh, Charlie, that was my husband—my husband! and he loves her! (*wringing her hands*) He thinks he has made a mistake in marrying me. Oh, heavens! it *has* been all a mistake, a fatal mistake! (*sinks on seat and weeps*

Charlie. (*angrily*) He is a miserable dog, that he is! and not worth one of your tears. I wouldn't give way like this. Come, now, brace up, and, as Priscilla says, "give him a piece of your mind." Perhaps a good blowing up will bring him to his senses.

Mil. Charlie, he loves that woman; he loved her before he knew me. I heard him confess it, and I believe he hates me now for coming between them. Oh, Charlie, I am neglected and despised because of her! How can I bear it? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do! (*weeps*

Charlie. The deuce take him, I say. Let him go to the dogs if he will, and come with me. Mildred, *I* love you, and the day that you leave him, I will make you my wife. I have never ceased to love you—not when you cast me off, and without a word, married another, did I forget you. Millie, my darling, come with me now!

Mil. (*rising*) Charlie Hayden! This from you! How *dare* you address such language to me, sir? *Shame* upon you to insult a woman who has already enough trouble to turn her brain. *Shame upon you!*

Charlie. Forgive me! I forgot all, save my love for you. But, Millie, you need a protector, and I would shield you from the cold and bitter cruelty of the world, which you must bear alone, unless you accept my protection. It is not likely that Isadore will keep your secret much longer, for I now see that, as Priscilla said, "she came here with the intention of winning your husband."

Mil. *She* win my husband! What do you mean? *I* am his wife; he cannot marry another while *I* live.

Charlie. Oh, child, can't you understand? Don't you know—Oh, Millie, *I* cannot tell you! (*turns away*

Mil. Speak out. What do you mean? Oh, why do you torture me so?

Charlie. Don't you know that a slave has no laws? Millie, you are a slave; you were married in the slave states, and, you—heaven forgive me *this* blow!—but you are no wife—you have no husband!

Mil. Oh, Charlie, it was left for you to deal the final blow! Leave me now; I would be alone.

Charlie. No, Millie, not while you look like that. This is a dangerous place, and you are hardly responsible for your acts. Come,

let us go home now; you will be able to look at your position more calmly in the morning.

Mil. Go! Leave me at once! *Danger!* Talk not to me of danger! Would it not be a thousand times better to be dashed to pieces on yonder rocks, than living this life? Miserable, unloved—a reproach to my children—Oh, I cannot bear it!

(*walking wildly about; stage grows darker*

Charlie. Mildred, you must try and bear this calmly. For heaven's sake, think of your children! If you go on in this manner, the secret of your parentage will be out before you are prepared. Come, it is nearly dark, and they will wonder at your absence from home; let us go. (*attempts to lead her,* R.

Mil. No; I will not go with you. I command you to leave me!

Charlie. Very well, I will go; but I beg you to come home.

(*goes* R.

MILLIE *falls on her knees before, and bows head on seat.* DAVILLE *enters,* L., *coat off, hair and clothes wet. Ising-glass may be sprinkled over clothes to give them the appearance of being wet. Stage grows slowly dark.*

Daville. Well, here's a trump card fallen to my hand, and I shall not neglect to play it. So, my peerless Isadore, *you* are the quadroon, are you? So much the better for me and little lady Mildred. You may take the doctor, and go to the devil—the sooner the better! *I* shall stick to the doctor's wife. Once let me get them separated, and she shall be mine, by fair means or foul. If she was worth winning as the little quadroon, she is doubly so as old Hayden's daughter and heiress. I've old Harriet in my power, and there she will stay till everything is settled to my satisfaction.

(MILLIE *rises, and sees* DAVILLE

Mil. You here! Why have you followed me to this place? What do you want with me?

Daville. Not much; yourself, that is all!

Mil. Oscar Daville, do you dare follow me here to insult me? Coward! I am a woman; I cannot avenge myself, but I am not friendless, and unless you cease to persecute me you shall be punished.

Daville. Bah! Millie Woodford, I swear you shall be mine. I do not love you—I never loved you—but yet I shall marry you. If I thought you could escape me, I would kill you where you stand!

Mil. Heaven help me! (*suddenly runs* R., DAVILLE *following*

Enter, CHARLIE, R., *seizes* DAVILLE *by collar, and hurls him backward.*

Charlie. Wretch! What new villainy are you plotting? and in such a plight as this! Would you dare lay your polluted hands on her?

Daville. Be careful how you address me, young man. I think if you should apply some of those epithets to yourself, and some of *your* plots, they would be as well placed.

Charlie. None of your sneaking insinuations, sir. What do you mean? Out with it!

Daville. I mean that you use pretty strong language for a man who sneaks into another man's family, and makes love to his wife every chance he can get. I shall inform Dr. Grover what a viper he is entertaining.

Charlie. Scoundrel!
(*springs forward and strikes* DAVILLE *in the face;* MILLIE *exits,* R.
Daville. You white-faced hound! I'll have your life for that!

Both draw revolvers and fire. DAVILLE *presses hand to his side, staggers and falls.* CHARLIE *runs forward, partly raises him.*

Charlie. What have I done? He is dead! Great heaven! dead, and I am a murderer! What shall I do? Where shall I go? I must not be found here! I must away, but I will make one more appeal to Millie. (*exit,* R.

Enter, ISADORE, R., *with lantern partly concealed beneath a long cloak.*

Isa. How dark it is here! I thought I heard some one creeping through the bushes. (*listens*) Bah! what a coward I am getting to be. (DAVILLE *groans*) Fiends of Hades! (*drops lantern, and runs* L., *then cautiously returns*) That groan; she is not dead! Oh, this is horrible! but a job like that cannot be left half done; the deed *must* be finished. (*picks up lantern, draws dagger, and disappears over the cliff; after a short absence, she re-appears*) This is strange; no sign of the body anywhere! It might have washed away, but I certainly heard a groan. It could not have been my over-wrought fancy. Oh, where will this end? I wish I had not come back here. (*moan heard*) There it is again! I must finish my work! I tremble in every limb; this is dreadful! (*hiding lantern under cloak, she creeps toward* DAVILLE; *as she nears him, she raises dagger and flashes light upon him; screams*) Oh, it is Oscar! What has happened to him? I must not be seen, or I shall have to explain my presence here at this time of night. (*exit,* R

SCENE II.—Same as Scene 1st, Act I. MILLIE *seated* L. *of table, head bowed on hand. Enter,* CHARLIE, R., *dress very much disordered; blood on hands and cuffs.*

Mil. (*looking up*) Charlie, why do you come to me in such a plight? Oh, Charlie, have you been drinking, when I need your aid so much?

Charlie. I have not. Liquor would not intoxicate me now; would not take away the sense of my crime. Millie, I have come to make one last appeal to you. I am going away, to the far ends of the earth, and I shall never return. Millie, come with me, and let us begin a new life. (*holding out his hands*) Come! I cannot leave you here to be driven to death by *them.*

Mil. (*starts*) What is that on your hands? It is blood; and on your cuffs, too! What have you done?

Charlie. It is blood, human blood, and I have done murder! Will you go with me, Millie? (*seizes her in his arms*) Go where nobody will molest us!

Mil. No, no, *no!* Oh, release me! What have you done? Oh, my husband! If you have harmed him, I shall hate you.

Charlie. Hark! Some one is coming—it must be the officers! Farewell, my darling! (*exit,* L.

Enter, PRISCILLA, R.

Pris. This day's work is done, thank goodness! I declare, I'm about worn out. I should like to know if that tribe expect to winter

here. I'm heartily sick of them. If they don't go soon, I shall give them a piece of my mind.

Mil. Oh, Miss Grover, have you seen Fred? Has he come home yet?

Pris. Home! No! Here it is past ten o'clock, and not a sign of him yet. Trapsing about with that good-for-nothing Isadore Hayden, I'll warrant She has gone somewhere that she has no business to, for she lied about going—said she was going to her room, but I watched her, and saw her creeping away towards the woods.

Mil. Oh, Miss Grover, do not talk so! I fear that something has happened to him. Have you seen Charlie?

Pris. I shall talk just as I please; and you need not worry about Frederic Grover; nothing will happen to him. I just wish he would happen to pick up a stock of brains, the wooden-headed idiot! Oh, I would like to have him a boy again, for if anybody needs a good trouncing its Fred Grover.

Enter, GYP, R.

Gyp. I'se done got de baby to sleep, an' put de odder picaninny in his bed, an' tucked dem bof in snug.

Mil. Well, Gyp, you may retire now; but first put the baby with Freddy. I shall stay with them to-night.

Gyp. Yes'um; good night, Missus Millie.

Mil. Good night, Gyp! (*taking her hand*) In the morning, you will find a little present on the hall table, which I want you to accept. I want you to care for the children as long as they need a nurse. Will you do this?

Gyp. 'Deed I will, Missus, I'd jes cry my eyes out if I had ter lebe de little picaninnies, suah I would, Missus!

Mil. I believe you, child; now, good night!

Gyp. Good night, Missus! Good night, Miss Silla!

Pris. Good night! (*exit*, GYP, R.) Mildred, you are a queer woman. Why, you treat that child as though she were your equal.

Mil. And is she not? She is a human being, capable of feeling insults and appreciating kindness, and though her skin is black, I doubt not but her soul is whiter than many of her white sisters.

Pris. True enough, yet it is not everybody who takes that view.

Enter, FRED, L.

Fred. Waiting up for me? I expected that you had retired.

Pris. You did, did you? Do you suppose I am going to bed and leave the doors unlocked for anybody and everybody to tramp into the house? It has been done more than once to accommodate that miserable scalawag of a Daville, but I won't have it done again. Some morning I shall get up with my brains blown out, and nothing left in the house to live on.

Fred. Well, Priscilla, how are you going to live after your brains are blown out, I should like to know?

Pris. Well, as you have lived without brains a good many years, you need not seek information from me.

Fred. Shall I light your bedroom candle, Millie? You look weary.

Mil. No, thank you! I shall stay with the children to-night, but you had better retire.

Fred. I believe I will, for I have just returned from a long ride, and I may be called out again at any moment. (*takes candle*) Well, good night and pleasant dreams.

Mil. (*rising and holding her hands towards* FRED) Oh, Fred, won't you kiss me just once? Bid me good night as you did when you loved me!

Fred. What nonsense! (*takes hands and kisses her*) I'm afraid you are growing sentimental.

(*exit*, R. MILLIE *sinks into chair and weeps*

Pris. You are the biggest fool I ever saw! Before I'd shed so many tears over a man, I'd just give him a piece of my mind. Frederic is no worse than any other man, though. They are all a good-for-nothing set.

Mil. (*coming over to* PRISCILLA) If anything should happen to me, you will always stay here, will you not?

Pris. Why, child, what do you suppose will happen to you?

Mil. I might die. Indeed, I think I shall die, and I want you to promise me that you will stay with my children, and not let any other woman ill-treat them.

Pris. I'll promise that. I'd fight for them tooth and nail, if need be; but land's sake! you are not going to die. You will live to be a hearty old lady yet. Come, now, go to bed and get some rest. I will sit up for that trash. There is going to be a revolution in this house, and it may as well commence to-night as any time.

Mil. No, Miss Grover, you may retire and I will wait for them, as I wish to sit awhile.

Pris. Well, if you won't go, I may as well. I don't think they will stay out much longer, (*takes candle*) Good night!

Mil. (*rising and giving hand*) Good night, dear Miss Grover! You have always been a true friend to me, and I hope you will forgive me if I have been unkind to you. Say you will forgive me.

Pris. Land's sake, child, I've nothing to forgive! (*suddenly kisses* MILLIE) Sakes alive, how you do flustrate a body!

Mil. Oh, thank you, Miss Grover! I shall never forget that.

Pris. Very likely you won't! I'm getting to be an old fool.

(*exit*, R.

Mil. All are gone! I am left alone! Oh, my dear, dear friends, when shall I look upon your loved faces again? I must say farewell to my children. Can I endure it? This is worse than death, a thousand times! (*exit*, R. 2 E.

Enter, ISADORE, L.

Isa. Nobody here! The fates must aid me. All have retired, and I shall not be discovered—fool that I was to imagine a spy lurking beneath every bush! Had I not been such a coward I should have gone back and put an end to the sufferings of Oscar Daville. Now he may know all—but, pshaw! let to-morrow bring its own evils—I will clear every obstacle from my path, and make Frederic Grover my husband! (*raising her hand*) I swear it! Let Mildred Grover beware! (*exit*, R. 1 E.

Enter, MILLIE, R. 2 E.

Mil. It is over. I have given up all, all! Heaven protect my children! Farewell, my husband! Farewell, dear home in which I have been so happy! Alas! I shall know no more happiness.

(*exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene 2d.* FRED *and* ISADORE, *seated* R. *and* L.

Fred. 'Pon my word, *everybody* is late this morning! I guess Bridget must have mixed a sleeping potion with the tea last night.

Isa. It *is* a little strange that they sleep so late. Had you not better have them called?

Enter, PRISCILLA, L.

Pris. So you are up, are you? I should think it was high time, too! Though if anybody prowls about half the night nobody can expect them to get up in decent season.

Isa. Miss Grover, I am very sorry if I have caused you any inconvenience. But, as other members of the family have not yet arisen, I am afraid you will have to wait still longer.

Pris. (*ringing bell*) I should not think Mildred would feel at all like rising to-day. I would have a little consideration for others, if I were in your place, and not keep them up all night.

Fred. Priscilla!

Pris. Mind your business, young man!

Enter, GYP, L.

—Go and tell your mistress that breakfast is waiting.

Gyp. Yes'um! Whar shall I fin' her?

Pris. Why, in the children's room; she has not yet risen.

Gyp. You'se 'staken dis time, Miss Silla. I'se been dar dis hour, tendin' de babies. Deys bofe washed an' dressed, an' I ain't seen de missus dis mornin', suah.

Fred. I will call the gentlemen, and in the meantime, look in my room. Millie may be there. (*exit,* R.

Pris. Gyp, go to the stable, and I will look for her in the garden. (*exit,* L. *and* R.

Isa. She has gone! There may be a letter in the children's room. I will look. I may find some clue to her destination. (*exit,* R.

Enter, L., SIAH, *leading* OSCAR, *dressed same as Scene 1st.; shirt stained with blood.*

Daville. (*lying on lounge*) Well, here's a pretty mess! (*attempts to move*) Oh-h! Confound the luck! I'm laid up for one month, I guess. What the deuce will become of old Harriet. Siah!

Siah. Sah!

Daville. Do you know of that little hut near the place where you found me?

Siah. Yes, I dus, Massa Oscar.

Daville. (*giving* SIAH *money*) Here, take this money, go down to the village, and buy a pint of rum——

Siah. Mine golly! I'se a toteetlar, I is——

Daville. Shut up! Buy the rum, some tea, crackers, sugar, milk and steak; then go up to that cabin and get breakfast for the old woman that you will find there. Give her the rum, and tell her to bathe the fractured limb. Here is the key, and be sure you lock the door. I shall expect you to tend her till I get well—and, Siah!

Siah. Sah!

Daville. Just so sure as that old woman gets away, or anybody finds out that she is there I'll kill you. Do you understand? *I'll kill you!*

Siah. Yes, sah! I understan'. (*aside*) Kill me! mine golly! I feel a kind ob all-ober-ish-ness a creepin' up my back now; I 'spect he sloped wid dat ole woman, an' de ole man shooted he. Cracky! somebody might shoot dis chile. *Somefin's* gwine ter happen ter dis nigger. Oh, deah! (*exit*, L.

Enter, ISADORE, *with letter*, R.

Isa. Oscar! Why, what is the matter? What has happened to you?

Daville. Matter enough, I'm shot! That infernal brother of yours left me for dead up there in the woods; but I'm *not* dead, and I'll make him suffer for this night's work. Where is he?

Isa. I do not know. He has not been seen this morning. Mildred has fled, and you will lose her. I have her letter here. She blames you and me for most of her trouble, but does not say where she is going. I shall take good care that Dr. Grover does not receive this.

Enter, FRED, R.

Fred. You here! Are you injured? What has happened?

Enter, PRISCILLA, L.

Pris. For the land's sake!

Fred. What sort of an accident?

Daville. One that deeply concerns members of your family. I regret to say it, and in the presence of Isadore, too, but you have been entertaining a viper.

Pris. That's no news.

Fred. Speak plainly.

Isa. Yes, Oscar, do not keep us in suspense, explain all; perhaps you may throw a light on the mysterious absence of dear Millie. We are dreadfully alarmed about her. She disappeared sometime between midnight and five this morning, and cannot be found.

Daville. It is as I feared. Yesterday afternoon, as I was walking along the edge of the cliff, I stumbled, and fell over. How long I lay there I do not know, but it was very dark when I regained consciousness. I removed my coat, and, after great exertion, managed to reach the top. I dimly saw a figure advancing, and was about to speak, when I perceived another approaching, and recognized Mildred, your wife. The other was Charlie. I heard enough to convince me that they were preparing to elope. I stepped out, and would have prevented it, but Charlie drew a revolver, and shot me. I knew no more till this morning, when Siah, fishing along the stream, found and aided me home.

Fred. Great heavens! Can this be true?

Pris. True! It's my opinion that it is all a lie, from beginning to ending, invented to serve some of his infernal plots. She has committed suicide more likely, and she has been driven to it; yes, driven to it by you, who should have been her protector, and these two black snakes whom you have been harboring, galvanting all over the Lord's creation with that good-for-nothing trollop at your heels; but let Mildred think of going, and there was always an excuse invented to keep her at home. If she *has* gone with Charlie, you are to blame for it, for you placed the temptation in her way. He has been her chief companion for the past three months, while you have been trapsing around with this *refined lady*, for whom you were

ready to go crazy, before you married Millie; and the whole village knows it, too! Mark my words, Frederic Grover, you will repent this work.

Enter, GYP, L., *with little bible.*

Gyp. Oh, Miss Silla, missus done drownded hersef, deed she has! Oh, Massa Frederic, she done drownded hersef in de ribber! Boo, hoo, hoo!

Fred. What have you seen? Speak, girl! (*shakes her*

Gyp. 'Deed, Massa Frederic, it's all my fault! I ought ter stayed long ob her, 'stead ob goin' ter bed an' lebin' she ter kill hersef jes much she min' to. Boo, hoo, hoo!

Fred. Can't you speak? Tell me how you know that she has drowned herself?

Gyp. Cause she writ it on dis yer paper, an' left it on de table wid dis little bible. Oh, deah!

Fred. (*takes note and reads*) "Gyp, I am going far away, and I will leave you this little book. Follow it's teachings, and you will receive the reward promised therein—a home in heaven. There is no slavery there, Gyp, all are free. Farewell! You will see me no more on earth, but I trust we shall meet beyond the river. Your unfortunate mistress, MILLIE."

FRED *sinks in chair, bows head on hands.* GYP *squats on floor, covering face with apron, and crying loudly.*

END OF ACT III.

Lapse of seven years between Third and Fourth acts.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Same as in Act 1st. ISADORE *seated, reading novel.*

DAVILLE *enters,* L.

Isa. (*rising*) Oscar Daville!

Daville. The very same. I have come to offer my congratulations. So you've trapped your game at last?

Isa. You are rather late with your congratulations, Mr. Daville. I have been married two years.

Daville. Indeed! How did you manage to catch the doctor? I understood that he did not believe in divorced people marrying.

Isa. Neither does he. Do you not know that his wife is dead?

Daville. I do not; neither do you. I saw a notice of her death in the papers, and, believing the report true, gave up searching for her. One evening, happening to enter a popular theatre in New York, nearly the first person I saw was Millie. I hurried round to the back entrance as soon as the play was over, only to find her gone. I got her address, and next day I went to see her, to be told that she had left the city. She must have seen and recognized me, though she made no sign.

Isa. Nonsense! you were mistaken; she certainly is dead, and Frederic can show you her grave.

Daville. Mistaken! I tell you I was not. I should know those eyes, that face and figure, *anywhere.* I shall find her yet.

Isa. Well, there are more women in the world. You need not turn the earth upside down to find *her.*

Daville. Mighty willing to let her rest now, aren't you? You've good reasons, too! Perhaps, if the doctor knew who caused that notice to be printed, your life might not be all sunshine.

Isa. Oscar, I do not want you to stay here. It is hardly the place for you, my former suitor. People will make remarks, and my husband has developed some very unpleasant traits of character since I married him, amongst which jealousy ranks foremost.

Daville. Cool, upon my word! But, madame, I do not choose to go, and that is enough. If your quack of a husband wants to call me out, he may, and I'll marry his widow.

Isa. Wretch! I shall inform my husband that his life is in danger.

Daville. Do so, and I'll swear to it. A woman who will commit one murder is quite likely to commit two. (ISADORE *sinks on sofa*) Ha, ha! that shot struck home, did it? My fine lady, I know who killed old Harriet.

(ISADORE *starts up with a scream, and falls back, fainting*

Enter, PRISCILLA, L.

Pris. Powers of darkness! Has satan come for his own?

Daville. This lady has fainted. Will you be kind enough to restore her?

Pris. (*ringing bell*) Why are you here again? What new rascality are you hatching up?

Daville. Really, Miss Grover, you are too severe in judging me.

Enter, GYP, L.

Pris. Bring a dipper of water and throw it over her. (*pointing to* ISADORE) I would not touch her; no, not if her life depended upon it.

Gyp. 'Deed I will, missus; I'se real kind- hearted, 'deed I is, an' I jes lebe, frow water on her, as dough she my bes' fren'. Yes, 'deed I will! He, he, he! (*exit*, L.

Isa. (*sitting up*) Oh, I— Did I faint?

Daville. You did, madam. My appearance must have startled you.

Isa. Very weak and foolish of me, but I am dreadfully nervous. Miss Grover, will you order a room prepared for Mr. Daville? If you will excuse me, sir, I will go to my apartments now.

Enter, GYP, L., *with great dipper; attempts to throw water on* ISADORE, *who dodges.*

—You little wretch, what are you doing?

Gyp. Missus tole me ter frow water on yer, an' I'se agwine ter, dats all. (*makes attempt*

Isa. (*seizing* DAVILLE'S *cane*) You insolent little nigger, begone! Go, I say, or I'll——— (*lifting cane*

Gyp. (*dodges*) I'll go if you'se agwine ter raise cane. I 'clare, I blebe you fainted jes' a purpose! (*exit*, L.

Enter, FRED, R., *walking feebly, with cane.*

Fred. Hallo, Daville! (*shakes hands*) How do you do?

Daville. Quite well, thank you. I heard that you were very sick

Fred. I am getting along very well now. Have a seat; you have come to make us a visit, I hope.

Daville. Yes; I was this way on business, and improved the opportunity to drop in here for a day or two, that is, if it will be agreeable.

Fred. I shall be pleased to have you. Isadore, will you see that a room is prepared?

Daville. I noticed you had made some improvements, as I came along.

Fred. Yes, there are a great many. You should go over to the cliff; you will hardly know the place, and if you are not tired, Isadore will accompany you now. You will have time to get back before tea.

Isa. Yes; if you care to go, I will accompany you, Mr. Daville, unless (*putting an arm around* FRED'S *neck*) Frederic wants me to stay with him.

Fred. (*pushing her away*) Bosh! Take Daville and show him around, and not make a goose of yourself. You know *I* can't get out.

Daville. I am very sorry that you cannot go with us. I think a change might help you. We will talk it over on our return.

(*exit* ISADORE *and* DAVILLE, L.

Pris. Well, Frederic, do you intend to take that satan in here again? Have you forgotten what followed in his wake before?

Fred. No, Priscilla, I have not forgotten; would that I could! But he was not the cause of it. It was my own blind, mad folly. Oh, Priscilla, if I could undo the past seven years of my life, I would give every penny I have in the world.

Pris. Well, you can't, and now you had better look out for the present. What do you intend to do about that French nurse?

Fred. I think I shall keep her to teach little Fred, and look after Winnie.

Pris. Keep her to teach Freddy! Why, she can't speak decent English!

Fred. Yes, but she can teach him French; and now I believe I shall try to get out to the stable. I want to see my horses. (*exit* R.

Pris. That man is a fool! I believe they all are, more or less, weak-minded. There is a mystery here—that nurse is not what she pretends to be. Sometimes I catch her looking at me in such a strange manner. She reminds me of some one; her face is strangely familiar. I wish I could see her without those glasses and that horrible black shroud. I can't help liking her, though I always did hate Catholics.

Enter, MILDRED, R., *as* SISTER AGNES, *dressed as a nun, wearing green glasses.*

Sister A. Ah, mamselle, vare glad to see you! I hope I may be pardon dat I make too free, but I so much like to know de name of de dark monsieur dat walk wit de madam?

Pris. Satan himself.

Sister A. Ze mamselle is joke.

Pris. Well, it is a fine representation of his, anyway. His name is Daville, a good-for-nothing scamp, and I'd advise you to look out for him. I believe if there was nobody else to try his art upon, he would attempt to flirt with me.

Sister A. Tanks, mamselle, I heed ze warning. Did ze bad monsieur have anyting to do wit monsieur ze doctor's trouble? ze flight of ze madame?

Pris. He didn't profess to.

Sister A. Ze madame is dead, is she not?

Pris. The papers reported such a story, but I never believed it. Frederic went to Chicago, found her grave, and erected a monument over it. It would have been better for him had he dug his own grave right there and got into it, instead of marrying that good-for-nothing Isadore Hayden. He never would have done it, only she gave him no peace till he did marry her; kept howling about people coupling their names, and blackening her character—hard dying black wool, I guess.

Sister A. If you dislike her, I wonder zat you stay here so long.

Pris. I promised Mildred that I would stay with her children, and I will never leave those young ones; not if they are dragged all over creation. It's not an easy time that I have here, though, and I fancy I do not make the place too pleasant for Madam Isadore, either.

Enter, GYP, L.

Gyp. Miss Silla, Bridget done say will yer come an' order de dinner? De butcher done come, an' am waitin'.

Pris. Why doesn't Mrs. Grover order the dinner?

Gyp. She done hab a bad spell, an' frowed de water pitcher at me when I axed she. She done gone off wid Massa Debbil now.

(*exit*, L.

Pris. There are plenty of books, Miss—ah—ahem! There are plenty of books, and you can amuse yourself with them. There is a fine view from the cliff, but as you are not familiar with the path, you had better wait till Frederic or I can go with you.

Sister A. Tanks, I sall do var well. (*exit*, PRISCILLA, L.) Familiar with the cliff! Did she but know how familiar the cliff is to me! Oh, how can I endure this? Yet I must. I cannot leave my darling boy, who, I fear, is not long for this world. (*weeps; looks* R.) Some one is coming—I must not be seen weeping! (*exit*, L.

Enter, CHARLIE HAYDEN, R.

Charlie. Here I am in the old familiar place. Will Priscilla be glad to see me? And dear old Fred, too! I'm glad I did not kill that wretch of a Daville, though the world would be better without him. I wonder if he told Fred about Millie and I.

Enter, FRED, L.

Fred. Charlie Hayden!

Charlie. (*advancing, and holding out hand*) Yes, it is I. Have you no word of welcome for the returned prodigal?

Fred. Base scoundrel! base traitor! How *dare* you enter my doors? I have sworn to have your life did you ever cross my path, and now defend yourself, for I mean to kill you! (*draws revolver*

Charlie. Fred, what do you mean? You are beside yourself!

Fred. Hypocrite! Destroy a man's family, and then plead ignorance! I shall fire; one of us must die.

Charlie. Fred——

Fred. Not a word. I do not wish to hear your hated voice.

PRISCILLA *enters*, L., *springs forward, catches* FRED *by collar, and jerks him backward; revolver discharged in air.*

Pris. I should like to know what infernal work you are up to now?

Fred. Priscilla, I'll have no interference in my affairs. Leave the room.

Pris. Indeed! I shall leave this room when I get ready, and come in when I please. And, if I see anything more like this, I'll bring an officer with me. Charlie Hayden, I wonder at the cheek that brought you here! What have you done with Mildred?

Charlie. What have *I* done with Millie? I know nothing about her. Is she not here?

Pris. Did you not elope with her the night of your departure? Did she not go with you?

Charlie. Priscilla! this from *you?* I have not seen Mildred since I parted from her, in this very room, seven years ago.

Pris. I knew it! I was sure it was a story invented by that scoundrel———

Fred. This is all very well, since the misguided woman is dead, and cannot speak for herself. Leave this house, and do not dare to enter its doors again, or I shall kill you. Go! (*pointing*, R.

Charlie. Hear me before———

Fred. (*interrupting*) Not one word! Go!

(CHARLIE *turns sadly*, R. *Slow music*

SCENE II.—Sitting-room; lounge, R. C.; *piano*, R. ISADORE *playing*, DAVILLE *and* FRED *singing.* FREDDIE *wrapped in shawls, lying on lounge by* SISTER AGNES, *who is showing him a book. Old man, with spectacles, long gray beard and hair, sitting* L., *with elbows on knees, surveying group.*

PRISCILLA *enters*, R., *and remains till song is ended.*

Pris. Frederic, I have something for you.

Fred. For me? What is it?

Pris. Well, I've been fitting up the north chamber for Gyp. There was a very pretty dressing table that was in the best room when Isadore Hayden was staying here seven years ago. I set Nathan to mending it, as it was broken, and while he was hammering it, out flew a little drawer, and in it was a letter addressed to you. (ISADORE *who has been idly drumming on piano, drops hands with a crash*) Here it is. (*gives letter to* FRED

Fred. (*glancing over letter, begins to read aloud*) "My dear husband:—For so I shall call you for the last time; (SISTER AGNES *starts up, dropping book;* NATHAN *picks up, and returns book; they look at one another; both start. She puts finger on her lips; both sit*) I am going away, for I know that you have ceased to love me. Beware of Oscar Daville! He has insulted me with offers of love, threatening to disclose the secret of my birth, did I dare mention his infamous doings to you. When I am gone, no doubt he will tell all. But for the sake of our children, do not let him make my history public. Forgive me, dear husband, I meant not to deceive you. I did not know the true story of my birth till the death of Mrs. Wood-

ford. Even then I did not know that our marriage was illegal. Charlie will tell you of my parentage, for he knows all. Believe him, for Daville will traduce me if he can. Farewell, dear Frederic, may heaven bless you and protect our dear children. Your unhappy Mildred."

Daville. Upon my word, she gives it rather strong to, "yours truly!" Well put in about Charlie, too! Had I not seen what I did, she would have thrown you off the scent, sure as fate!

Fred. What is this secret of which she writes? Do you know?

Daville. It's no use speaking of it now, man, it is all over.

Fred. Speak at once!

Daville. Well, she was the daughter of an old slave woman, belonging to my father.

Fred. (*sinking in chair*) Oh, my children! Liar! (*rises*) Begone out of my house, and never enter my presence again! No doubt but that my poor, unhappy wife, fled to escape your persecutions. Scoundrel, begone! (*takes* FREDDIE *by hand*) I leave you here now, Mr. Daville, but I do not wish to see you in the morning.

(FREDERIC, FREDDIE, PRISCILLA *and* SISTER AGNES *exit*, R.

Daville. Here's a pretty mess! Confound it, Isadore, why couldn't you have destroyed that letter?

Isa. Hush!

Daville. Oh, bother! *He* can't hear; (*looking towards* NATHAN) Not if a mine exploded at his very ear. I don't see why you were so careless with that letter.

Isa. I wasn't careless. I put the letter in that drawer and shut it, after which I was obliged to split the lock out to get it open. The drawer was empty, and I could never find the letter. It has always been a mystery to me what became of it; now I think it slipped into that secret drawer, which my hammering must have closed.

Daville. Well, it's confounded unlucky for me just now, for I think I have a clew to the former Mrs. Grover.

Isa. A clew!

Daville. Yes; I think she is in this very house—in fact, I *know* it.

Isa. How can that be?

Daville. The sister of charity is the very person. Did you observe how she started when that letter was read? And those eyes, of which I caught a glimpse, when her glasses were displaced; that dimpled cheek and those little hands are Mildred's; I am sure of it!

Isa. If 'tis as you say, what shall we do?

Daville. Be quiet; do not excite her suspicions, and manage to get her down to Mr. Hayden's; I'll be on hand to nab her. Get the doctor to take the children for their health; of course she will have to go. But do not take that old hag, if you can prevent it. She will be sure to upset everything. Now, Isadore, if you will assist me a little, I will pack my traps. I don't want to meet your *gentle* husband again. (*exit both*, L.

Nathan. (*straightening himself*) Well, well! Old Nathan is a deaf old fool, but, Mr. Daville, remember—there are none so deaf as those who *won't* hear! Where Sister Agnes goes, Priscilla goes also; where Priscilla goes, her deaf admire follows. I rather think, my fine plotters, that between us we will frustrate your infernal plot. Heavens! where have my eyes been that I did not recognize that little nun before! I must see Priscilla. (*exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Southern kitchen, fire-place, R. C.; *chairs* R. *and* L., *screen* L.; *long-handled fire shovel* L. *of fire-place.* PRISCILLA *seated* R.

Pris. Well, I never thought of coming to this place! If I have to stay here much longer I shall die of fright. Every day I expect that Oscar Daville will get Mildred into his clutches. Thank goodness! I know all about his scheme. That was a bright idea of mine that induced Charlie to disguise himself and spy upon them. I wish Mildred had refused to come.

(*rests head on hand and looks into fire*

SIAH *enters,* R., *tip-toes beside and kisses her; she springs up with a scream.*

—You dirty, black nigger! You impudent wretch! What do you mean?

Siah. Laws a massy, Miss Silla, is dat you? I axes yer pardin, deed I does! I done finked it was young Dinah.

Pris. Took *me* for a nigger! Doctor Elnathan Grover's daughter mistaken for a *nigger!* Can I believe my own ears? That is worse than the other. Get out of here before I break your head with the fire shovel. (*picks up shovel*

Siah. Ya'as, 'um! (*exit,* R.

Enter, FREDERIC, L.

Fred. Why, Priscilla, you look as though you had seen a ghost!

Pris. A ghost? I'm not afraid of *ghosts,* but I live in mortal terror of my life.

Fred. Of what are you afraid?

Pris. Of Isadore Hayden's confederates. I know she is smooth as oil before my face, but she wouldn't hesitate to cut my throat, if she got a good chance. Oh, I could tell you things that would make your eyes stick out.

Fred. For heaven's sake, Priscilla, what do you mean? I am miserable enough; do not add to my misery to gratify your spite.

Pris. Gratify my spite, indeed! If you are miserable, it's just what you deserve to be.

Enter, SISTER AGNES, L.

Sister A. I—excuse me! I tink mamselle was alone.

Fred. Sister Agnes, I am glad to meet you apart from strangers. I want to thank you for your kindness to my dear boy. (*takes her hand, looks down into her face; she covers her face with apron*) Nay, do not weep. Darling Freddie is at rest. Would that I were with him and his poor wronged mother. (*exit,* R.

Pris. Mildred, you are running a great risk by staying here. What a dreadful thing it would be to see you in bondage, and not a soul able to help you.

Mil. I do not fear. I have a friend in Maryland who can take possession of everything Oscar Daville now claims. He holds a mortgage of all, slaves included. Daville is powerless; I have told him so.

Pris. Told him so! That's all the common sense you have! Now he will work some underhand game to get you away. What is the man's name? I want to know, for, if you disappear, I shall set him after that Daville in a hurry.

Mil. His name is Philip Vane. Here is his address. (*giving card*) Oh, Miss Grover, my heart aches when I think of Freddie! How he longed for his mother, even as I longed for him. If my—if Dr. Grover knew, or suspected, my identity, I could not stay longer. Sometimes I fear that he suspects, he looks at me so earnestly.

Pris. I don't think he does. He is unhappy enough; that good-for-nothing woman leads him a pretty life.

Mil. Mrs. Hayden bade me ask you to come and sit with her awhile. She is feeling better to-day.

Pris. Yes, I will. I have some news which I have been wanting to tell her as soon as she is able to bear it. Are you going?

Mil. I am going to the nursery. I have promised Winnie a story as soon as her lessons are done. (*exit both,* R.

DAVILLE *enters,* L.

Daville. To the devil with that meddlesome old hag! She will upset everything. I must get rid of her.

ISADORE *enters,* L.

Isa. Oscar, I want to speak with you about the governess.

Daville. Well, what of her?

Isa. I think you had better let her alone. She may cause you a great deal of trouble if you attempt to take her. I know Frederic will spare nothing or nobody to free her.

Daville. Ha, ha! So you fear losing your husband, do you? I tell you, madam, you missed it when you threw me over for him. I can afford to wait for my revenge, knowing it will come. Hear me, madam, Mildred Grover shall be my wife, but *you* shall be my *slave!*

Isa. Oscar Daville! Great heavens! what do you mean?

Daville. I mean that I know you, not Millie, are old Harriet's daughter. She is Mr. Hayden's own child. Old Harriet took her from the cradle and put you, her child, in her place, giving Millie to Mrs. Woodford, saying it was her baby, which she wished to save from bondage.

Isa. Villain! Who do you suppose will believe such a story as that?

Daville. I can prove it. Old Harriet is not dead. I rescued her, and have kept her in my power all this time. Oh, you are caught, my fine lady!

Isa. You diabolical wretch! Will nothing induce you to keep quiet?

Daville. Nothing.

Isa. Oh, what shall I do? You dare not do this! I shall fight for my liberty to the bitter end.

Daville. Fight away, my dear, you will have to give in at last. Adieu, my pretty quadroon! (*exit,* L.

Isa. (*shaking her fist after him*) You have sealed your death warrant. I will follow him night and day, till I find out where he has hidden Harriet—*then* let him beware! (*exit,* L.

Enter, PRISCILLA, R.; CHARLIE, L.

Pris. Well, Charlie, I have seen your mother, and I have agreed to manage a meeting. Where are you stopping now?

Charlie. At the hotel. I tell you it is hard to keep up this disguise. I'm afraid I shall betray myself. But I've found old Harriet and I mean to get her away from that scamp.

Pris. I'm glad of that, but you must hurry. You can go up the back stairs to your mother's room; everybody is in the parlor, and you will not be seen. Come, hurry! (CHARLIE *exits*, R.

DAVILLE *enters*, L., *and hides behind screen.* PRICILLA *goes* L. *and stands looking out.*

—I declare, what a place this is! If one should get dizzy and fall off these steps he would break his neck.

DAVILLE *creeps out, seizes shovel, strikes* PRISCILLA *over the head; she falls outward*, L. *

Daville. Ha, ha! old crone, you won't trouble me any more! Folks will think you blundered out there, and broke your confounded old neck! Ah! what is that? (*dodges behind screen*

Enter, MILLIE, R.

Mil. Nobody here! I thought I saw Miss Grover enter.

(*goes* L.

DAVILIÆ *springs out, seizes shawl from chair, throws it over* MILLIE'S *head; she screams; he carries her* L., *as* GYP *enters*, R.

Gyp. Fo' de good laws a massy! Massa Debble done runned off wid Sister Agnes!

GYP *looks out* L., *screams; runs* R., *colliding with* SIAH, *who is entering*, R.

—Oh, Siah! Si-ah!

Siah. (*holding his stomach, and rolling his eyes*) Golly, you'se knocked de bref all out ob dis chile! What de mattah?

Gyp. Dat ole Debble done killed Miss Silla, an' runned off wid Sister Agnes! Oh, Siah, go after he, quick!

Siah. Me? Me follow de debble! No, yer don't cotch dis nigger gwine *dar!*

Gyp. You fool nigger! it's *your* Massa Debble. Run, run!

Siah. My debble! I ain't got no debble! De bible read 'bout de *woman* what hab *sebben* debbles, but I ain't no sich a woman. No, sah!

Gyp. You'se a born fool, you is! Your Massa Oscar done runned off wid Sister Agnes, wid a shawl ober her head.

Siah. Dat so? Why don' you say what you mean, den? I jes know better den to trubble Massa Oscar, but I jes keep my eye on he, an' see if I kin help *her*. (*goes* R, *and looks out*) Laws a massy! Heah's de ole miss wid her head knocked all ter pieces!

Gyp. Yes; go long an' I'll get somebody to 'tend to her.

(SIAH *goes* L.; GYP, R.

*Note.—The shovel should be made of leather-board, and painted.

SCENE II.—Cotton field; baskets of cotton; negro men and women sitting around, some singing; all with tin cups. An upright post, L. MILDRED *enters* R., *with basket, followed by* SIAH, *with can. She is without disguise, hair flowing, dressed in coarse cotton, thick shoes. She gives negroes bread and bacon from basket.* SIAH *pours drink from can.*

Enter, DAVILLE, L.

Daville. Well, my pretty bird, do you like your new occupation? By heavens! why don't you answer? Are you ready to go with me now. Hey?

Mil. No—never!

Daville. Can't you name an earlier day for the wedding, my love? Never is a long way off.

Mil. Leave my presence, sir, I do not wish to hear more of your insults!

Daville. Wish it or not, you will have to hear all I have to say. Come, now, would you not rather be my honored wife, than a slave, working in the field?

Mil. No, a thousand times, no! You seem to forget that, as a slave, you cannot make me a lawful wife.

Daville. Oh, yes, I can. I have the power to make you really and lawfully my wife. Come, now, away to your work, you niggers! (*negroes go,* L.

Mil. There is one thing that you seem to forget. Philip Vane holds a mortgage of all your property.

Daville. Not quite so fast, my pretty one! Fore-warned is fore-armed, you know; and, after being warned of your little game, I immediately paid him off.

Mil. I believe your story to be a base falsehood; but, were it true, I had rather die in yonder vile hovel; work with negroes in the field, or be lashed to death at the whipping post, than become that dishonored creature that you would call your wife. Now, go! for do what you will; say what you may, I will never accede to your wishes! Never!

Daville. Very well, madame, you may get on your high horse now, but, before I am through with you, you will beg to be my wife. Yes, you shall beg on your bended knees!

Mil. I do not fear you. I am in your power now, but, do not forget I am under the eye of One who never sleeps. You may exult now, but retribution *will come!*

Daville. Bah! None of your preaching to *me.* I've borne a good deal from you, but I won't bear *that.* If you had *some* masters, they would send you to the whipping post for that runaway of yours. By heavens! if you try it again, I'll set the dogs after you; you are worth too much to lose. Come, now, my beauty, give me a kiss! (*attempts to kiss her; she strikes him in the face*) You she-devil! I'll take some of the rebellion out of you! (*calls*) Siah! Siah!

Siah. (L.) Sah!

Daville. Come here! tie up that wench, and lash her till I tell you to stop.

Siah. I can't, 'deed I can't, massa! I'se rather you lick me, 'deed I had, massa!

Daville. You black hound! do you mean to disobey me? Tie her up at once, or I'll break every bone in your body.

Siah. I ca-n't, oh, massa, I can't tie up dem pooty little white han's, 'deed I ca-an't! Boo-hoo-hoo!

Mil. (*holding hands towards* SIAH) Do your master's bidding, Siah.

Siah. I ca-can't! Boo-hoo-hoo! I rudder di-hi mysef! You'se can't stan' it, an' I'se tough. Oh, Massa Oscar, don' do it! she ain't no nigger—

Daville. Shut up! I'll teach you to defy me. (*blows whistle*

Two negroes enter, L.

—There, you niggers, tie up that wench and lick her till she knows better than to raise her hand against her master. (*negroes tie her hands above her head to post*) Now lay on the whip. (*negro attempts to strike;* SIAH *springs forward and receives the blow*) You black hound! You shall have a licking all by yourself! Here, you niggers, take him out and give him a hundred lashes. (*exit negroes, leading* SIAH) Hallo! the little spit-fire has fainted. Well, I'll let her hang there awhile; it'll take some of the courage out of her. It won't do to lick her much; it will spoil her beauty. (*exit* L.

Enter, GYP, R.

Gyp. Oh, my poor little missus! (*creeps quietly up beside* MILDRED, *and touches her*) Is you dead?

Mil. Oh, Gyp, is that you? Oh, can you help me? I must get away.

Gyp. Sh! I'se come to sabe you. (*unties* MILDRED) I kin take yer to a place whar yer nebber will get foun', nebber! Come, we mus' get away 'fore de massa comes.

Mil. Gyp, tell me, is Miss Grover dead?

Gyp. Law, no! Miss Silla am tough, she is. Massa Frederic an' Massa Nathan, dey toted her up-stairs an' I tooked care ob her. Come, now, let's be gwine!

Mil. Can we escape the dogs?

Gyp. He, he! Dem dogs won't bite no mo'. Dey dead, dey is! Miss Silla gib me de pisin, an' I fixed 'em. Nobody keeps dogs roun' heah 'sides Massa Oscar. We'se all right. Come on, I ain't 'fraid. I'se a free nigger, I is!

Mil. Heaven bless *you,* and protect us both.

(*exit both,* R.; *music*

SCENE III.—Trees, bushes, rocks, etc.; small fire, L.; *tin cup, plate and knife on rock,* R. MILLIE *seated* R. *of fire; hair flowing, clothes tattered.*

Mil. Ah! how long must I endure this? Why am I so persecuted and forsaken? Why not cast myself into yonder slimy waters and put an end to this wretched existence? No; I will trust in Him who hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." (*rises, takes plate, and kneeling before fire, rakes out baked potatoes*) Siah, faithful boy, will not forsake me, and poor little Gyp—unless she has been foully dealt with, will not let me starve.

Enter, SIAH, R., *cautiously.*

Siah. Golly, Miss! (MILLIE *drops plate and springs up*) Don't be scart! I 'spec you tho't 'twas a wild-cat, but I tell you nuffin

sides a nigger or a jassax kin ebber git frou dis yar brer bushes. I 'clar it's wusser den de scrub oak up norf, whar Miss Silla sent me arter huckleberries.

Mil. I am so glad you have come! Oh, Siah, I have been here so long that I am almost discouraged! When shall I get away?

Siah. I wants yer ter start right off. I'se fixed ebryting, long ter help ob Miss Silla an' Gyp. Miss Silla 'pended on de help ob Massa Nathan, but he done gone off an' nebber come back. Miss Silla writed to dat fren' ob yours in Marylan', and Gyp toted de letter in her pocket an' brought dis back. (*gives* MILLIE *letter*

Mil. (*reads letter*) But I don't understand this. There is a pass for a mulatto boy, belonging to Winnifred Vane. This will not do for me. I am not a boy. Oh, Siah, I shall be discovered if I attempt to leave this place!

Siah. 'Scovered! Heah in dis bundle is Sue's Sam's bes' cloos, dey will jes' 'bout fit you, an' yer kin put dat putty hair under de cap. Dat will make a boy ob yer. Den dar is some dye stuff dat will make yer a latter. I'se got a jassax on de odder side de swamp dat will tote yer ober all right.

Mil. My brave boy, how can I thank you for all you have done for me?

Siah. I'd die fo' you, 'deed I would, missus! Dis chile ain't 'fraid nobody. I guess I'll hab a tater. (*digs one out the fire and proceeds to eat it; noise* R.) De laws a massy! what dat? (*noise*) I jes' run out while yer puts on dem cloes. (*noise*) Golly! (*runs* L.

Mil. Thank heaven, I shall soon be free! (*looks at paper*) This will pass me over the country—when once I am out of this swamp. (*noise*) I must find Siah and get into the cabin. (DAVILLE *looks in* R.) I shall soon be with my dear friend.

(*picks up bundle and basket*

Enter, DAVILLE, R.

Daville. Yes, you will see your dear friend very soon. He is here now. (MILLIE *screams and drops basket.*) So here is where you have stolen your nest, is it? This accounts for Siah's torn clothes. I suspected as much, and followed him. Have you no word of welcome for me? Come, my pretty bird, give me a kiss. I've come to take you home. (*advancing toward* MILLIE

Mil. (*pointing revolver*) Back, villain! Dare advance another step and I will lay you dead at my feet. (*slow music*

Daville. (*drawing revolver*) Two can play at that game, my lady. Now drop that revolver or I will break the arm that holds it. You are mine now.

Mil. Never! I have a means of escape, and, rather than fall a victim to your power and passion, I will take my life into my own hands.

Daville. By heavens! I'll——

(*springs towards* MILLIE; *she springs back, puts revolver to her head*

Enter, CHARLIE, L., *followed by* HARRIET *and* SIAH. CHARLIE *catches* MILLIE'S *hand; revolver is discharged in the air.* ISADORE *enters*, R., *dressed in riding-habit—music.*

Charlie. Drop that revolver at once, or (*pointing revolver*) I'll drop it for you. (DAVILLE *drops revolver*) Siah, go and pick that up.

Siah. Oh, Massa, I rudder not! 'Deed, Massa, I don' care 'bout gittin' too near Massa Oscar when he mad, 'deed I don't, sah!

(HARRIET *picks up revolver*

Daville. Don't you know, curse you, that you are interferring with my property?

Charlie. No; I do not!

Enter, FRED, L.

—I am protecting my sister from the persecutions of a scheming villain. (MILLIE *looks surprised*

Fred. (*holding out hands to* MILDRED) Millie, I know all—even more than you. Oh, my darling, can you forgive me?

Mil. Sir, you forget yourself! Yonder stands your wife.

Enter, PRISCILLA, R., *followed by* GYP *and Police Officer.*

Pris. Land of liberty! Frederic Grover, how came *you* here?

Fred. I came here in the cause of justice. Overhearing a conversation between Isadore and Daville, which disclosed the fact that Millie was living, also that Isadore, not Millie, was Harriet's daughter. I resolved to keep quiet and watch the movements of that worthy pair. I discovered that Isadore was following Daville, and easily kept her in sight. This great wrong shall be righted.

Charlie. But, Priscilla, how came you and this gentleman here?

Pris. Vengeance brought me here, young man. This gentleman is Sheriff Ford. We went to Daville's plantation to arrest the rascal, and, not finding him, I feared for Millie's safety. Gyp knew pretty near the place where she was concealed, so I got her and started out. I have ridden five miles on a donkey to witness the arrest of Oscar Daville.

GYP. Ya'as, an' dis chile walked five miles an' foun' de path fo' dat jassax. I'se mos' scratched ter pieces, but I'se willin' ter make paths fo' jassaxes fo'ebber, 'fi could sabe my putty little missus.

Charlie. (*putting his arm around* MILLIE) Millie, can you realize that I am your brother?

Mil. Dear Charlie, it seems like a dream. I cannot understand it at all. How can it be?

Harriet. (*coming forward*) I can best explain. You were born one week after my baby girl, who was nearly as white as yourself. I was born in slavery and knew the curse that must follow my child. It was when you were born that I conceived the idea of changing the infants and thus freeing my babe. Mrs. Hayden was very ill and I felt that the change would not be discovered. So, while the nurse slept, I stole in and changed them. But I could not see you, an innocent babe, consigned to the life of shame that I knew awaited you in slavery. So one day when the train started north, I thrust you into the arms of Mrs. Woodford. Since then I have watched over both of you. I have sinned, yet I have suffered. I pray, dear lady, that you will forgive me.

Mil. You have suffered much and so have I. You have caused me much misery, yet I will freely forgive you. The temptation was great.

Isa. (*to* MILLIE) I am foiled, baffled at every turn! I have sinned, but I do not ask *your* forgiveness. (*turns to* FREDERIC) Oh, Frederic! Frederic! Have you no pity for me? Can you not give me one kind word, one loving look? (*kneels before* FREDERIC) Will you cast me off for her?

Fred. (*turns away*) Woman, do not kneel to me, but rather to your Maker. I never wish to look upon your wicked face again! Oh, woman, woman! what misery you have caused me! How can I forgive you?

Isa. (*rises*) I am forsaken, unloved! a slave, with no right to the name I bear! There is but one way of escape—death!

Runs R., *followed by* FREDERIC *and Sheriff.* DAVILLE *springs* L. PRISCILLA *seizes him by coat tail, bringing him backward.*

Pris. No you don't, my man! I didn't ride five miles on a donkey to have you escape me now. No, sir! I must insist upon a little more of your interesting company. You are to be rewarded for your bravery. I pray you not to be so modest as to think of running away.

Daville. Shut up! you infernal old hag! I hope I may get where I shall never see your diabolical visage again.

Pris. Indeed! Why I shall take great pleasure in calling upon you. I hope your striped uniform will prove a good fit.

Daville. Curse you! I'll be the death of you!

Enter, FREDERIC *and Sheriff.*

Fred. Charlie, you must help me. Isadore has thrown herself over the rocks. We must try to get her body.

Mil. Poor misguided woman!

Pris. Do you intend to let that scalawag run? Perhaps you think I am perfectly willing to be killed! not killed like a respectable person either! The idea of it! *Me!* Dr. Elnathan Grover's daughter, knocked on the head with a fire shovel and thrown out of doors like a nasty cat! Sheriff Ford, you handcuff that man before you go fishing after anybody. (*Sheriff steps up beside* DAVILLE

Daville. (*to* MILLIE) Curse you! if I can't have you, nobody shall!

Draws revolver and fires at MILLIE. CHARLIE *springs before her and receives the bullet; falls backward into* SIAH'S *arms.* MILLIE *kneels beside* CHARLIE. FRED *takes* CHARLIE'S *head from* SIAH; PRISCILLA *bends over him.* DAVILLE *springs* R. *Sheriff catches him and puts on handcuffs.*

Mil. Charlie, dear, dear Charlie! Can you speak to me?

Charlie. I'm done for, Millie! Darling sister, kiss me once more. (*she kisses him*) Auntie, do not weep for me. Fred, I die for Millie and you must live for her.

Fred. I will die for her if necessary. I will do all in my power to protect her from harm. Oh, Charlie, my dear boy, can you forgive me for treating you as I have?

Charlie. Yes, Fred, freely—Millie, for my sake and for the sake of your innocent child, forgive him too!

Mil. Oh, Charlie, I cannot! Not now!

Charlie. Do not refuse my dying request! Say you will forgive him.

Mil. I will forgive him, Charlie!

Charlie. For the sake of your child be married again. (*joins* FRED *and* MILLIE'S *hands*) Farewell, auntie! Tell mo-ther—tell—all is well. Farewell loved ones! May your life be happy and pe-a-ce to the end. (*falls back*

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